The WILMERDING LIFE

COMMENCEMENT

JUNE '11

The Wilmerding Life

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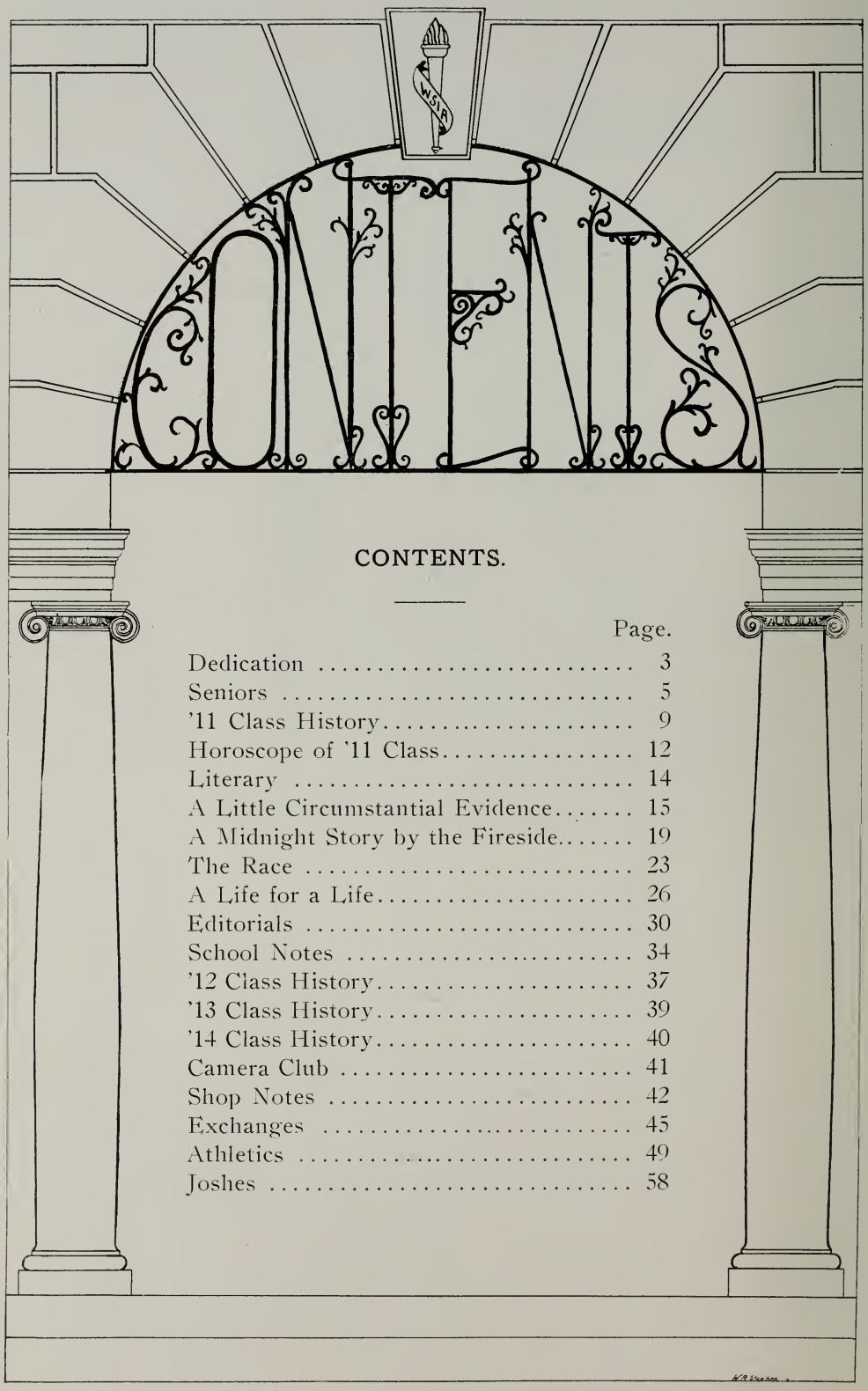
TO

MR. GEORGE F. WOOD

WHO FOR ELEVEN YEARS HAS QUIETLY BUT CONTINUOUSLY GIVEN SUPPORT TO EVERY WORTHY STUDENT ENTERPRISE, THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED



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Seniors

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E. Stegeman

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'11 Class History and Prophecy

A. Bach and S. Hansen.

Four years ago, in 1907, about 140 boys entered the Wilmerding campus an unorganized collection of possibilities. There we stood on the first morning, thinking of our future as great architects, electrical engineers, plumbers and furniture makers, until some older student cried out, "Gee! what an awful looking bunch of scrubs." At these words we grew faint-hearted and later on even weaker when told of Student Body dues (25c a quarter).

After a few short weeks we became united as an organized class. Even in our first year we won track meets and games from other high school Freshies. Flood as a Freshman came in second in the A. A. L. cross country race and next year won first honors.

The '11 Class has had men entered in every school team. On the track we had "Ted" Malott and Sam Walfisch as two of the school's best sprinters. For distance men we had Munk, Forderer and Flood, while for other events there were Woodmansee, Gebhardt and Wagonet. Malott and Munk also served their terms as track captains.

Malott holds three school records—the 50 and 100-yd. dashes, and the 220-yd. low hurdles, while Flood holds the half mile.

On the basketball teams we had Malott, Wilson, Flood, Batkin, Babe Stadtfeldt, Captain Wendering and Captain Palmer; the latter two, star basketball players.

Coggins, Scovel, Dobbas, Graham, Flood, Malott and N. Smith played on the football teams.

On the school baseball team of 1911 we had four men entered. They were Captain Flood, Wendering, Stegeman and Regnier. Of the past we had such men as Ruegg, Hennessey and Beckwith.

Captain "Big Chief" Rademacher, Pierce, Walfisch, Malott, Salfield, Gebhardt and "Duke" Brauer served on the swimming teams. "Dutch" Salfield, though he has left school, still holds the 440-yd. school record.

During the four years of the '11 Class's life it has won many track and swimming interclass meets. Of other school enterprises, Malott has served two and a quarter terms as President of the Student Body, while Munk served one term as President of the Board of Control.

On the Wilmerding Life staff there were Wilson as editor, Gladding and Volmar as business managers, Munk for Athletics and Rademacher, Wagonet and Mooser as artists.

Wilson for three terms has been President of the Camera Club, and Bender has served as Secretary one term.

The '11 Class has also succeeded in running a class dance, which was held at Puckett's Cotillion Hall on April 28, 1911. This dance was a social and financial success.

Our past school life now being a matter of ancient history (except for the

final act of receiving our diploma, which we all hope to get), I will now make known our future as prophesied by the Great Crystal Bowl. This is a large bowl filled with some chemical solution, and when the magician passes his wand over it, fire issues forth. Here the nineteen students of the '11 Class sat around in a circle, and the magician came forth, passed his wand over the bowl and flames appeared. In the flames each saw his future.

Charles Strothoff will be among our leading architects. He will have a large body of draftsmen employed. This large body will be in the form of "Fat" Malott, who will act as anything from office boy to chief draftsman. "Ted" will keep Charles in steady expense by spoiling a large amount of tracings and drawings, which will finally lead Strothoff to his ruin.

"Big Chief" Rademacher will some day be seen growing eggs on bushes, planting walnuts for hens to hatch and hunting chickens in his neighbor's ranch. The simple life for the big chief!

The "Vicious Pirate" John Pierce, whose operations are only too well known around Lake Merritt in Oakland, will cruise around in a wash tub and rob small sail and row boats of their loose change and gold watches.

"Duke" Brauer, after leaving school, will immediately move to Monte Rio. Here Duke will be in the architectural business and, proud to say, will be the leading architect of that city, his specialties being dog houses and chicken coops. During his leisure hours he can be seen in the field hunting for three-legged hens and two-legged dears, with his still trusty "forest king" (Duke's pocket knife).

Paul Regnier (Jack of all trades and master of none), will start out as an electrician, but the dark spirits hover near and tell us that he would do better as a coach for a baseball team. This team (the "Never Sweats") will soon be ready to accept challenges from any 7½-year-old team.

"Bug" Wilson, the great editor of the "Life," profiting by his experience, will start out as a reporter and photographer on a small paper. In 1915 "Bug" will be seen as editor, assistant editor, photographer, reporter and owner of a large monthly journal of three pages. This journal will contain all the latest news and will never go to press more than a week later than is promised.

Abe Bender, Stoll and Gladding, those three charming dancers, will some day be seen running a dancing academy.

Weber will be a bandmaster (master of a band of children) and also be a cop. All the nurses will be moving off his beat as the result of forgetting their duty and giving the best of the household supplies to the man in the uniform. Alas, Pete will be an honor to the force and will cover plenty of ground with those feet of his.

"Sleepy" Von Ahn, who was "speed" at the school, will continue to be speed in a different way. He will have Barney Oldfield's records smashed

and will set many other automobile records never to be beaten. It is said that he will be kept poor paying fines for exceeding the speed limits.

Hennings and Wendering will be rich men by going into business with Stegeman. These three great men will continue to get richer every day, making from $1000 to $2000 daily, until our brave policeman, Weber, raids their shop and finds some counterfeiting machines. When brought to trial it will be found that Stegeman is the leader of the gang. Too bad, for these three great men will be seen in stripes for 30 days.

Bach will be a traveling salesman, and will also be in the real estate business. When traveling as a salesman at the company's expense he will take care of his private business of buying and selling property (oh, if the company only knew!) He will talk his head off in an effort to get some trade and money.

Flood will some day be among our electrical marvels. We never brag about ourseves, but here we have a wonder who will some day completely overshadow such trivial geniuses as Marconi, Edison and others.

Sam Hansen will go out in the world as a great contractor. He is going to make a specialty of two and three-room houses, to be built of glass. But the spirit tells our prophet that Sam would do better by going in partnership with Strothoff.

Munk, the noble Fritz, will possibly be an architect by 1915, although it is more likely that he is going through university and colleges of art, and then travel the world over to places of ancient architectural buildings. On his tour he will gather all kinds of photographs and information. When he arrives back in San Francisco he is going to receive a position as a teacher of architectural history at the Wilmerding School. "Yes, fellows," some day we'll have to take our hats off to Fritz.

The flames began to grow fainter and the future of our small number was already exposed to us, as we sat in a silent circle. The magician's readings have never been known to prove false, therefore, you Seniors, know what you are up against, so go to it.

Horoscope

BY PAUL

Name.	What Makes Me Famous.	What They Call Me.
ALBERT BACH	Class Prophet, '11.	Dutch.
FRANK BENDER	Secretary of Camera Club, '10.	Abe.
FRED BRAUER	Swimming Team, '10; Vice-president '11 Class, '10.	Duke.
JOHN FLOOD	Track Team, '08, '09, '10, '11; Cross-country, '08, '09; Basket-ball, '10, '11; Baseball, '11; Secretary '11 Class, '10, '11; Board of Control, '09.	Jimmie.
ORMAN B. GLADDING	Manager of Life, '09, '10.	Obie.
SAM HANSEN	Staff of Life, '11; Class Prophet, '11.	Butchertown Sam.
WALTER HENNINGS	Athletic fan.	Hop.
THEODORE MALOTT	President of Student Body, '09, '10; Winner of School Medal; Track Captain, '11; Track Team, '08, '09, '10, '11; Basket-ball Team, '10, '11; Football Team, '09; Swimming Team, '09, '10; Board of Control, '09, '10; B. C. A. L. Delegate.	Fat.
FRED MUNK	President Board of Control, '11; Track Captain, '10; Track Team, '09, '10, '11; Cross-country, '09; Board of Control, '09, '10, '11; Secretary '11 Class, '10; Treasurer of '11 Class, '10, '11; Chairman of Ground and Prop. Com., '10; Manager of Orchestra, '11.	Fritz.
JOHN PIERCE	Swimming Team, '08, '09, '10.	Shorty.
VAL. RADEMACHER	Swimming Team, '08, '09, '10; Vice-president of '11 Class, '11; Art Staff of Life, '10, '11; Orchestra.	Big Chief.
PAUL REGNIER	Baseball Team, '11.	Crab.
EUGENE STEGEMAN	Baseball Team, '11.	Stegie.
LESTER STOLL	Floor Director '11 Class Dance; orchestra, '08, '09, '10, '11.	Les.
CHARLES STROTHOFF	General supporter of student activities.	Skinny.
ADOLPH VON AHN	General supporter of student activities.	Von.
GEORGE WENDERING	President '11 Class, '11; Basket-ball Captain, '11; Basket-ball Team, '10, '11; Board of Control, '10, '11; Baseball Team, '11.	Pop.
ROBERT H. WILSON	Editor of Life, 10, '11; Winner of School Medal; President of Camera Club, '09, '10, '11; Secretary Camera Club, '09; Basket-ball Team, '11.	Bug.
PETER WEBER	Staff of Life, '11; Orchestra, '08, '10.	Saint Peter.

WILMERDING LIFE

of '11 Class

REGNIER

How Others See Me.	How I See Myself.	What They Hear Me Say.	What They Say I'll Be.
Slow.	Busy as a bee.	Who's going to the Empress?	An ice man.
Hustling.	An early bird.	Hey, bo, who's going to buy?	A shoe merchant.
Drowsy.	A speed burner.	I'm going to buy a canoe.	A policeman.
Always in action.	A high-class twirler.	Did yer get the example in "Strength"?	Vitt II.
A Queener.	Too cute for anything.	Match you for a treat.	A grocer's errand boy.
Blushing.	Bashful.	What do you call this?	Slaughter-house manager.
Beating it.	The class of the Mission.	Aw, cut it out.	Wood butcher.
Wild and woolly.	Some hurdler.	Get out of my office.	Political boss.
In school politics.	In a class of my own.	What d'yer think this is?	Malott's assistant.
Stubby.	Still growing.	Get wise.	A sea captain.
Happy-go-lucky.	A great hunter.	Did you get the homework?	A high diver.
Changeable.	A great ball player.	Where do you get that stuff?	A little of everything.
Roughneck.	A sharp-shooter.	Wanna buy two car tickets?	A duck hunter.
Working overtime.	Some dancer.	We gotta get busy.	Watchmaker.
Long, lean, lanky.	A second Samson.	Nix on the rough stuff.	A fashion model.
Sleepy.	A fast kid.	Speed, huh?	Wireless operator.
From Berkeley (nuf ced).	A basket-ball shark.	Quit yer kiddin'.	Physical culture teacher.
A busy man.	A great photographer.	For the love of Mike.	Newspaper reporter.
Sprouting wings.	Some architect.	For goodness sake.	Our next prohibition Mayor.

LITERARY
BOLDEMANN

A Little Circumstantial Evidence

PAUL HART.

It was one of those cold, windy afternoons not uncommon in San Francisco. Frank Gordon was not sorry to turn into a barber shop on upper Fillmore street and read the paper, out of the gale.

Frank was well acquainted in the place and the barber into whose chair he climbed remarked: "If we shaved by the yard, that big jaw would be an expensive luxury, Frank."

The young man of the big jaw matched that mark of determination by a husky physique from the ground up. His dark hair was wavy and exposed a high forehead which was in good proportion to the prominent chin and Roman nose. He was an intelligent looking, handsome fellow and always attracted attention.

After his "clean-up" Gordon passed into the pool-room at the rear.

"Hello, Frank," called a young fellow over in the corner, "want to get in the game? We'll be done with this in two shots."

"I might play a game, Harry," said the newcomer.

"Mr. Gordon—Mr. Barnes," said Harry, introducing Frank to the other player and adding, "corporation lawyer for the street railways."

"I have heard of him at college," said Gordon, without appearing to be especially pleased at the meeting.

"Can't say my memory is so good. You must have come into prominence after my time," was Barnes' reply, which, from the tone, seemed to mean more than was said.

"Exactly," answered Frank, picking himself out a cue with the air of an expert.

Barnes "broke." This fellow, like Frank, was unusually large and might have been as handsome but for a pair of evil eyes and an ill-tempered demeanor. He also showed signs of dissipation. A tendency toward corpulency suggested too much steam beer. His language was not excessively refined.

It was evident from the first that if he and Gordon had not known each other as friends, they certainly must have been enemies. Frank, who was naturally a gentleman, tried to avoid any trouble that would place Harry in an unpleasant position. As Barnes had no such scruples and was looking for trouble, he found it easy to raise a dispute over the game. We will not describe the scene that followed. Suffice it to say that Gordon, being forced to ignore unpardon-

able insults, showed himself a man of ability as well as a gentleman, and was soon on his way to his home in Oakland.

That evening Gordon had to recross the bay and take the train from Third and Townsend for San Jose. It was a dark, foggy night. Small lights were invisible and only the intermittent glare of the searchlight on Goat Island marked the boat's course. The fog whistles blew incessantly and the boat, having picked its way cautiously at half speed, docked late. Now at this time the San Francisco's car service was crippled by both the effects of the great "quake" and the carmen's strike. So Frank, being late, could not wait for such uncertain accommodations. He therefore hurried down along the waterfront on foot, in order to shorten the distance and catch his train. As he passed up an unlighted side street to gain Third, he suddenly came on the form of a man stretched across the sidewalk in front of one of the ruins of the "great disaster." The man moved a little and at that moment a boat on the bay gave a dismal groan from its fog whistle. Just how weird it sounded, as it seemed to come from the prostrate man there in that benighted spot among the ruins and warehouses, can hardly be imagined. "Too much 'firewater,' " said Frank and hurriedly stepping around the obstruction, quickened his pace. It was too dark to see that it was the body of Barnes lying in a pool of blood.

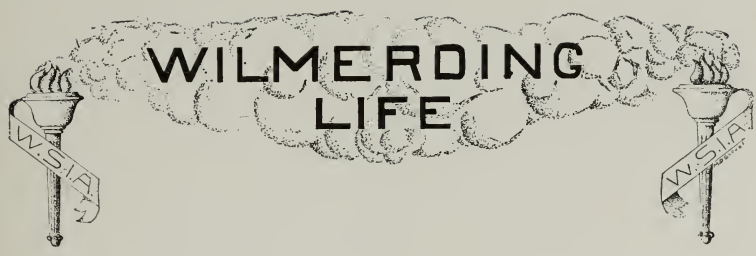
* * * * * * * *

The business Frank Gordon had to attend to in San Jose was, in the main, the collection of several bills. This attended to, he was to take his vacation. Frank was more successful than he had even hoped, and that evening found him on his way to Fir Glen, a summer resort in the northern part of the State.

The next morning being fine, he decided to go the remaining distance on foot across the hills and little mountain ranches. Towards evening he was making his way through a wood which bordered one of these isolated little farms. The low, rambling house and barns were covered with roses and other vines. A well-cared-for orchard and vineyard stretched away on one side to the pines and new-mown hay in the pasture directly below him scented the air with its unrivaled fragrance.

To obtain a better view of this delightfully rural habitation, Frank climbed down the wooded hillside to the fence. As he emerged from the trees he perceived a young girl directly in front of him. She was standing on the top strand of the barbed wire fence, clinging to the fence post with one hand while she vainly endeavored to extricate her skirts, which were caught on a lower wire, with the other hand, which also held a bunch of wild flowers.

The young lady was so engrossed in her fence climbing that she failed to notice Frank's approach.



"You seem to have gotten yourself into a fix," said Frank, raising his hat. Now to be caught in a helpless position of that kind by a strange young man was rather aggravating to a young lady who had probably climbed fences nigh on twenty summers. So raising herself to as dignified a posture as her situation would admit—"Yes," she said curtly, "and I am perfectly capable of getting myself out of it."

Frank could not but smile at such independence in such a position, but controlling his mirth, he said: "Certainly, by letting me assist you," and stooping over, unhooked the skirt. The girl immediately jumped lightly to the ground, ignoring Frank's proffered hand. Observing that he wore college corduroys, she asked, "Out of college, looking for work?"

"Why, are you looking for a man?" replied Gordon facetiously.

"Father may need some wood cut," she returned.

"Yes," said Frank, appearing to take interest, "What is his name?"

"Fletcher," replied the girl, and then bit her tongue for giving the information.

"Fletcher," repeated Frank, and this time his voice did portray interest. "Can it be that you are Helen Fletcher's sister?"

"I am," said the girl.

"Then," said Gordon, "I had the honor of an introduction to you the year California beat Stanford in the annual football game. I played 'end,' and after the game your——"

"I remember," broke in the girl, "I am awfully sorry that I have been using you so ill, Mr. Gordon."

"You did seem more flattered at the first meeting," laughed Gordon.

The conversation then turned to college topics and of course became very animated. Yes, she was a junior now. Belonged to three sororities and had taken a prize given by a "frat" to the best dancer. Would he be to the open-air dances up at Fir Glen? Helen was going that evening (this with an arch look). No, she was not at home that afternoon. You will be there this evening then? Well, au revoir. (Exit fair damsel.)

"Blamed good way to inaugurate my vacation," thought Frank as he strode along.

* * * * * * * *

It was evening. A full moon shone through the pines and firs illuminating the open place where the dance floor had been erected. Under the trees Japanese lanterns lighted the rustic seats and tables where refreshments were being served. An unusually good orchestra was just commencing to play "Cheer up, Mary"

and Frank rose from a table to take a turn with Miss Fletcher. Yes, he was having the time of his life.

Suddenly a man stood before him. "Mr. Gordon, I believe," he said. "Yes," replied Frank somewhat annoyed. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Gordon, but could I speak to you a moment on very important business—alone?" There was nothing else to do so Frank walked down through the trees with the stranger. Taking a cigar case from his pocket he offered it to Frank. Taking one Frank raised his two hands together in lighting it and at that moment the stranger snapped a pair of handcuffs on him with the explanation, "I have a warrant for your arrest."

Yes, Frank Gordon was accused of the murder of Barnes. He had quarreled with him in the afternoon, and had been seen going to and coming away from where Barnes' body was found. Worse still, Barnes had been the go-between for the "grafters," that dominated San Francisco at this time, and certain gambling houses. He had, on the night of his murder, collected a large sum of money from these people for the "wide open" privileges they enjoyed. This sum was paid in bank notes, the numbers of which had been listed by the payor as the grafters would give no receipt. Now these notes had been taken from the murdered man. The detectives had secured the numbers and located three of the notes, in San Jose, which Frank had put into circulation the day after the murder. Several of the others were found on his person. The evidence was very conclusive and Frank's case looked bad.

Many of his friends deserted him. There were some things, however, which made the dark days before his trial more bright, Frank's company had faith and paid the fees of the best lawyers, Helen Fletcher wrote the kindest letter in which she said she knew he was innocent and must be acquitted.

The case came to trial. When the evidence of the notes was brought forward Frank's attorney asked for the original list of numbers and the book was brought. The list given to the detective was dated three months previous to the murder, and the page, on which the right list had been penned, was gone. It had been cut from the book. Frank's notes were not those stolen then. The firm which had paid them to him, but had denied the fact, suddenly decided that perhaps they had.

Was Frank Gordon acquitted? He certainly was but whether he later danced again at Fir Glen is not known.

A Midnight Story by the Fireside

HAROLD SMITH.

It was a stormy night in December that I returned home after an evening at the theater. I walked into the sitting-room where the light was turned low and the fire was just about out. I reached up and turned on the light and seated myself near the fire. At that instant a loud rumbling of thunder startled me. I turned toward the window and was half blinded by vivid flashes of lightning. Another flash lit up the scene and out there upon the sidewalk I saw a man standing looking up at me. "I can't see a man out in this storm," I said to myself and with that I hurried out to the front door where I beckoned the stranger to me. He came with a quick elastic step and I said, "Come into the house, stranger, till the storm is over." "Thank you for your kindness; I will," he replied. I placed two chairs near the hearth and started a new fire. I then seated myself and turned toward my guest. He was a tall, well built man with snow white glossy hair that told of good care. His clothes were old but fairly well kept and his hands told of frightful toil. "And how is it you were out in this storm and not in some saloon or building?" "Stranger, I would rather die than enter a saloon. My story is a long one and very queer." "You would not mind telling me something of your life, I'm sure?" "Certainly not," he replied. "As I said, it is a long and sad story."

Just then the clock on the sideboard struck the hour of twelve. "Midnight," the stranger coarsely laughed. "It will be long after midnight ere my story is finished. To begin with, I will start when I was a boy. I lived with my father and mother in the State of Virginia. I went to school and had every thing a boy could want. In school I was a tease and the teachers would strongly reprimand me several times a day."

"One day in school I did not bring in my lessons and was sent home with a very bad report. My father reprimanded me and severely punished me with the result—I was put to work. I worked hard, and late at night, in the tobacco fields of my father's plantation. One night I decided to run away. Gathering a few articles I bundled them in a bag and waited till the folks had retired. On the night of May 10, 1865, I left my home. I crept outside, first leaving a note bidding my mother good-by. I started; it was a beautiful night, the moon shed a grayish light upon the ground. I can always remember that picture for it is plain as day." Here the stranger heaved a heavy sign but resumed his story.

"I walked along the old road and at the turn I looked around to bid my old home farewell. I walked many miles till I came to the railroad where I sat down waiting for a train. Long towards morning I heard a distant whistle and very

soon a big freight train hove in sight. It was coming down upon me like a one-eyed demon and standing near I waited for a chance to get on. I grabbed an oil car and was flung with violence against the tank, but managed to hold on. In the day time I would hide under the cars while the change of engines took place and the unloading of cars. I would eat what I could find in the places where we stopped. After a long and weary travel I landed in Mexico. I did not like the place and stole rides on trains till I arrived in a place I learned was Arizona.

"I was in the place about a month; half starved and weary I did not know what to do. I made the acquaintance of a young fellow by the name of Dick Young. We chummed together and what he'd earn and what I earned we divided and so managed to live. One night the two of us, nearly in rags and almost starved to death, wandered into a saloon. Cow punchers were gambling; men were playing the faro wheel, and the place was constantly in an uproar.

"One wild-eyed fellow after looking at us a while came over and said 'You fellows look like a bunch of hard-luck; here, take this, if it will help you out; with that he flung a chamois sack, small in size, upon the table we were at. It was filled with gold, and seizing it we thanked him and were about to go when he said, 'Stay, I would like to talk to you fellows.' So saying, he moved three chairs around a table in the far corner of the room and we all gathered round. 'Now, I want to lay something good in your way,' he began, 'and it is this. That gold you have there was made easy and there's lots more where that came from.' I guessed the point in a minute and whispered, 'You're an outlaw.' He reached to his hip, but looking around said, 'Keep quiet, not so loud.' With that my chum got up and quietly said, 'I won't go into no stealing business. I promised my mother when I left home that I would try and keep on the upward path.' I was ready to enter for I was tired struggling to keep alive. I had tried for work and been refused. I had gone to bed many nights without food so, sizing this all up, I said I was ready to join. Dick, my companion, after being coaxed a long time said we had traveled together many months and he wouldn't leave me now. With those words the compact was formed and with the outlaw's two hands clasping each one of ours we knew that death only could separate us.

"One night as I sat in a mountain cabin I thought of my home, of how I had lived, and of what I had done; I saw how far gone I was but was not ready to turn back. I was about coming to a conclusion when a pistol shot rent the night air. I grabbed both my revolvers and pushed open the door. Dick and the outlaw, or rather Jim Harris, for we were all outlaws for that matter, came hurrying to the spot. 'Get the horses, Jack. Dick and I were surprised in our raid on Forley's cattle and came near getting taken.' We hurried out to

where our horses were picketed and, saddling and bridling being done, we rode off into the night. After a long ride we went into camp on a mountain path and very soon were asleep, that is Jim and I. Dick was to keep guard the first couple of hours. The night passed without trouble and in the morning we started again on our travel.

"We were on the brink of a mountain, the sun was just coming up and the birds were twittering in the trees. A gushing torrent of water was falling over an embankment and bubbling into a ravine far below. As we slowly rode down the mountain side Jim suddenly remarked, 'Look out on to the plain.' We looked and our hearts almost stopped beating. Out on the plain a body of horsemen were coming along at a swinging pace. 'They mean business, fellows; that's Red Ben, the big sheriff, and his posse,' Jim remarked. 'Get back and we will see what they are up to.' The sheriff and his men started to come up a little hill far below. The sheriff and one of his men reached the top first and sat there waiting for the others. Jim with his Winchester crept near the top of the precipice and peering over raised it just enough to bear down on one of the men far below. 'Here's for a warning to you, Ben,' Jim muttered and a sharp 'Crack!' 'Pang!' broke the still morning air. The man sitting side of Red Ben, far below, down there upon that little knoll, dropped from his saddle, stilled in death, for Jim's aim was always true to its mark.

"After that we made for a cavern on the mountain side and, driving our horses far away from the cavern, we entered."

The stranger, or rather I knew him name now, broke off from his story and said, "My boy, here is the queer part of my story, and many people doubt the truth of it," he resumed.

"We were in the cavern some hours when Jim ventured out. We two stayed in the cavern and watched Jim make his way along the ridge. He was but part way over when a sharp 'Pang' rang out; Jim jumped into the air, fell and lay motionless but, before Red Ben could reach him, a clod of earth on the mountain side was dislodged; that dislodged more and the result was that a strange rumbling sound grew into a terrible grinding noise. It was a new sound to us but I soon knew what it was—a landslide and a big one at that. We tried to get out but the opening was jammed up in a second. We ran to the rear end of the cavern and waited for the mountain to cave in upon us. Strange to say it did not, but we realized our peril. Hundreds of tons of earth upon us and we hemmed in like rats! We lit torches and tried to investigate. An overhanging ledge of rock gave way, a small piece hit Dick and he was felled to the ground. At first he raved, 'Jack Ditmore, you brought all this upon me, but for you I might be leading an honest life.' Soon his ravings ceased, I bent over him and with the light of the torch I could distinguish his slowly moving lips, 'Mother, mother, it

is your son Dick. Can't you hear me?' and with that his eyes closed in the sleep that knows no waking."

"After many trials and when I felt myself almost going mad I succeeded in making a small hole in the roof of the cavern. I worked with my bowie till it broke off at the hilt. Then I felt I would perish, for but small hope did I have.

"Yet I set to work with my hands and pretty soon my fingers were torn and bleeding. I kept on and on, my hands were worn stiff and sore. Suddenly a small beam of light shot its rays into the cavern and then I tore with savage fury at the earth. What if I could not reach it! I nearly went mad with the thought! I worked and worked and when I looked up the light had disappeared though I must be pretty near the top. By digging another small hole in the side I braced my foot and rose another inch. Then after hours of toil that seemed years the beam of light came slowly in again. It must be morning I thought and after a little I rose nearer till, with a mighty mad thrust, I broke out upon the mountain side. I lay exhausted for a long time, my hair was snow white, my hands were a sight, hardly no hands left. I had dearly paid for my wrong doings. I am on my way to my home a wiser and better man."

With that the stranger said, "The storm is over and I'll be going."

After the stranger had gone I sat by the fire awhile till the gray dark streaks of dawn reminded me that another stormy day was at hand.

The Race

H. Reichhold.

"A LITTLE more oil in number four," Arch yelled in my ear. I took out my oil guy and obeyed. We were practicing on the Rockerbilt course for the race which was to come off the next day.

My friend, Arch Brown, was three years older than I and as good a man as ever drove a racing car. I was riding as mechanic in the big Century 6-90 which he was driving. After reeling off a few more laps at a mile a minute we decided to quit for the day. As we were nearing the camp one of our competitors shot by.

"There goes that pop-gun," said I. "Gee, but she can go."

"Yes, she can go for a two-cycle," replied my friend.

This car was supposed to be something new in racers; it had a built-to-order, air-cooled, two-cycle motor big enough for a battleship and could tear a good-sized hole in the atmosphere.

Another opponent of ours was a little Frenchman with a large and gaudy car painted purple and red; he could "go" but we weren't afraid of him for the Century 6-90 could "go" some too. There was only one other whom we considered seriously. He was a young fellow, like ourselves, with a good car, a Mercury, but he was a poor driver.

As soon as we came to a standstill some of the mechanics took the car while we went to our camp for grub and a good sleep.

The next day dawned bright and clear. We got up early to take a final spin around the track to see if the car was in good running order. The track was finally cleared and we went and drew for our numbers. Our friend of the two-cycle took first, the Frenchman took second, we got third and the driver of the Mercury took fourth. There were other cars but we did not consider them. Our numbers were painted on and all was made ready for the start.

The cars started in the order named, thirty seconds apart. The two-cycle had a little trouble getting away but the driver soon made up for it. The Frenchman got off nicely and so did we; how the others fared I can't say as I wasn't there.

The trophy, by the way, was a beautiful cup big enough, so Arch said, to take a bath in. Besides this, there was a good deal of cash coming to the

winner from the tire people, the magneto people, the firm who supplied the oil and perhaps some from the carburetor company. But to return to the race.

The first lap was made in good time by all the cars.

The second lap we had bad luck, shedding a rear tire. It was up to me to get a new one on which I did in record time, but the Mercury shot by in the meantime.

In the third lap I did little more than hang on for the way Arch opened up the Century was a caution. The crowd cheered wildly as we passed the Mercury at the grandstand. It was easy to see that we were the favorite.

I succeeded in getting some of my nerve back in the fourth and began filling oil cups for she was getting dry. As we skidded around the next turn we caught sight of our French friend. He was having carburetor trouble and was making bad time, his mechanic was lying on the bonnet adjusting it. Just as we were about to pass his engine picked up and he left us in the dust. I looked astern and saw the Mercury coming on like a bullet.

"For the love of Mike, Arch, get a move on, the Mercury is nosing us." He grunted and opened the throttle with such a jerk that the car jumped off the ground. Anyway we got away from the Mercury which we left in a cloud of dust. Later in the race he tried to pass a car in a narrow part of the road and paid for his foolishness by bringing up against a telephone pole; he wasn't seriously injured.

The fifth lap passed without anything happening. We made good time.

In the sixth we had another streak of poor luck; we had a blow-out and three punctures. While we were fixing her up the two-cycle went by; he was a whole lap ahead! Arch seemed to have gone crazy for he drove like a madman. By a stroke of good fortune the two-cycle had tire trouble and we regained our place. We were out for that cup and were determined that it should be ours or know the reason why. But what of the Frenchman? We were approaching the deadly S turn when right before us appeared that person going for all he was worth, but the Century was going somewhat faster, her exhausts sounding like a battery of twelve-inch guns. Arch opened her up to the limit and it was not until then that I saw his object, he was going to pass on the S turn. My heart ceased beating and my blood turned cold for to pass a car on the S was to court death. "Arch, for God's sake don't," I yelled and raised my hand to the wheel. "Hands off!" he yelled in return, and shoved me into my seat.

Imagine if you can my feelings, expecting every second to be hurled into Eternity. The little Frenchman crowded on all his reserve power, the worst

thing he could have done, and when his car reached the last turn it flew off the course and turned turtle. I learned afterwards that the steering gear broke.

When Arch saw the car turn over he gave a devilish laugh and cried, "All down, set 'em up in the other alley, now for that two-cycle." I looked at his face and then knew that I was riding with a madman. This was the reason for his recklessness.

I have but a very vague notion of what followed, I only know that I filled the oil cups once or twice and that we passed the two-cycle in front of the grandstand, the people stood up and cheered until they were hoarse; little did they know of the driver of the leading car.

It was the last lap and we were still running good and strong. I honestly think that the hand of Providence intervened in our behalf. When we got on the home stretch I recovered my senses and a good thing I did for just as we crossed the line Arch collapsed, saying weakly, "We win." I brought the car to a stop and we lifted him from his seat and carried him to the camp. But he was beyond anything we could do, the shock and strain killed him and so passed one of the best drivers the world ever knew.

There isn't much left to tell. I sold the Century 6-90. I owned half, but Arch, by the way, had no living relations so I got all the coin. After I had seen him laid to rest I made a solemn vow that I would never participate in another race as long as I lived.

A Life For a Life

Robt. Burroughs.

RALPH CLARK, the noted criminal, was again sentenced to serve a long term in prison. Years before he had visited this dreaded place on different charges, but things looked now as if he would be compelled to remain for a long term in confinement. Clark once was a good and honest man, but daily temptations came his way till at last he yielded and was now a recognized criminal feared by most everyone.

As we see him in his cell now his look was one of anger, for he was thinking of home, no more happy days with his children, and of his poor wife, what would become of her?

Moving quickly to drive away these dreaded thoughts his hand fell on the couch beside him and there it came in contact with a large rat, which startled him with a quick little squeak. His new friend scrawled up on his knee, rubbed his whiskers and seemed to say, "Well, old boy, what can I do for you?" Receiving no reply he changed to the other knee and finding a more satisfactory resting place he decided to spend part of the evening. Some time passed, and the prisoner only looked on in silence, because never being in company of a rat before he could not decide what to do. Mr. Rat did not like this reception so he started for Clark's shoulder; this move caused Clark to pat him gently on the back.

At last they were friends, so combing his whiskers and washing his face Mr. Rat prepared to eat some of Clark's meal. Clark at first thought of frightening it away but a friend was just what he needed.

Many lonely hours were spent, after this, watching his friend play on the bed beside him. Every place Clark went Mr. Rat, now nicknamed "Chubby," was with him and as the days passed into years Chubby would sit and listen to Clark's whistle, turning his head from side to side only when the tune was stopped. More prisoners were soon acquainted with Chubby and some, who had never smiled since they were deprived of their freedom, laughed at his funny actions. Chubby would visit all his friends each day and return to Clark in the evening.

Having no friend to comfort him Clark always longed to see Chubby come bouncing in through a hole in the wall and would pick him up with the greatest care. Chubby seemed very fond of Clark; he would play on the bed by the

hour and by his funny little actions caused Clark to forget himself and his miseries.

Clark's mean and desperate look changed to a smile; his hardened character, which was known by the jailers, was leaving him; as each day passed, he became more sociable and for this slow but sure change in life he at last was given a position in the prison attending to some of the affairs, which would allow him to go about the prison as he pleased.

He now was allowed many privileges and was never again under the watchful eyes of the guards.

All this was brought about by his acquaintance with Chubby, who even seemed to know he was making one a better man; that Chubby knew this seemed true, for every place Clark would go, Chubby followed him as though to keep him from doing something wrong.

Clark's position soon caused the guards to trust him and think that he should be pardoned. At last he was given control of the grounds where the prisoners worked each day. He was very kind to all the fellow prisoners; every one about the prison enjoyed his company.

To keep a man who had changed so in life in confinement was wrong. The guards knew this, so the Governor of the State was besought and soon news was brought to him that he would be a free man once more.

As the guard told him on the day he was to be dismissed he sat for a long time in silence thinking of his family and home. Did they miss him? Would they be glad to see him back?

He was aroused from these thoughts as he had been many times before, by Chubby, who was so excited to get to Clark that he lost his balance and rolled out on the floor. The fall that Chubby got was a pretty hard one but he was up on Clark's knee in an instant and seemed to try to tell him some news, at least his actions did. Giving a loud little squeak Chubby seemed to say, "I have done the best I could for you, old boy, now what are you going to do for yourself?"

Clark tickled Chubby on the nose with a little straw and over rolled Chubby as usual; this was pleasing to watch and his playful movements caused the guard to laugh and say:

"So this is your little friend you think so much of, is he? He's a good companion; but, if you look at things as I do you will conclude that he is more than a companion, for I think he has made a new man of you."

"I think you are about right on that question, sir."

A few last farewells and Clark left what seemed almost his home; but

Chubby was not to be left behind and was out at Ciark's heels as the prisoner started once more for his lonely family who awaited his return. "Well, I wouldn't leave you behind for all the world," Clark said to Chubby, as he picked him up and started on his way home.

Chubby seemed to understand Clark and squeaked in a faint little voice, "It was a 'Life for a Life'—in this prison you have exchanged the life of a criminal for one of usefulness, and I have helped you."

ROBERT H. WILSON,
Editor

WALLACE A. STEPHEN,
Business Manager

ROBERT H. WILSON, '11.....Editor
WALLACE A. STEPHEN, '12.....Manager

EDITORIAL STAFF

Homer Sosso, '12.....Assistant Editor and School Notes
Sam Hansen, '11.....Shop Notes
Peter Weber '11.....Exchanges
Fred Munk, '11.....Athletics
Louis Jacobsen, '13.....Joshes
Elmo Boldemann, '12.....Staff Artist

MANAGER'S STAFF

F. Bender, '11. J. MacMurray, '14.

At a recent reunion of the old Wilmerding students, plans for a permanent association for those who have attended this school, but have not graduated, were considered and a committee to bring about such an organization was appointed.

In a trade school like Wilmerding there are necessarily many boys who leave school before graduation. After about two years' attendance many think they have mastered their trade sufficiently so they leave school to go to work. Many of these took prominent parts in the student activities while at school, being the means of bringing the school paper, athletics, camera club and orchestra up to the position they now hold. In the outside world we find they are holding their own with other men, some being in business for themselves and rapidly becoming successful.

All of this helps to better the good name of Wilmerding and we feel that an organization of the kind proposed will be of benefit to the school and also to its members. It would give a chance to those, who in former years had been loyal to the school, to continue this goodfellowship. In advising boys about to leave they could, by their own experience and knowledge of the condition and needs of the business world, be of great help to those on the outlook for work. This might finally resolve itself, perhaps in connection with

the alumni, into a sort of an employment bureau for Wilmerding boys, which while directly benefiting our boys would also be of help in supplying the employers with capable workmen.

This may all seem merely a flight of fancy but in later years when our alumni association becomes larger and more powerful it is possible that these two organizations will unite and make realities of what might seem now unlikely fancies.

In the meantime let the two organizations hold meetings at least once every quarter as separate bodies and then annually have a grand reunion at the old headquarters where the hearty handshakes and stories of old school days will keep up a bond of friendship and for one evening at least all can be "boys" once more.

Has it ever struck you fellows what an awful time the editor has to pick out enough suitable stories for an issue from what is handed in? Many of the stories are well-written but have to be discarded on account of the plot. About three halves are blood-curdling stories about some great detective or marvelous invention and if three or four people are not killed in every page or so the author does not seem satisfied. Often we meet with the story of the young hero starting out in life, blocking the plans of his enemy the villain (of course it wouldn't be a story without a villain) at every turn with the greatest of ease until finally he picks out a soft spot and spends the rest of his life in comfort. Of course all this is very nice, in fact, the great trouble is that it is too nice; Mr. Villain isn't always going to get the worst end of it, at least it isn't that way as we see life. But the would-be authors do not consider the realistic end of the story; it sounds good to them, why not to others? Then there's the writer of love stories; they're great too, in fact they are about as good as the other two types. The girl is, of course, the prettiest ever was and just sixteen or maybe eighteen, this depends on the age of the author. The man? Well the best description of him is seen in the made-to-order types which are used to advertise collars, hats, etc. Then they either have a scrap or perhaps he goes away for twenty years or more until one day he happens to think of her and trots back to find her there with open arms waiting for him. Did you ever hear of that happening in San Francisco? No? Well, it isn't likely to happen anywhere, so that's why that kind also finds its way to the waste paper basket.

However, out of the bunch we usually find enough to use that are presentable so this is not meant as a lecture but just a little inside information on the sort of material the editor has to juggle with.

STAFF OF THE LIFE

F. Munk
L. Jacobson
P. Weber

H. Sosso
J. MacMurray

E. Boldemann
F. Bender
S. Hansen

STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

E. J. Nichols, President — F. Munk, Vice-President

Miss G. P. Anderson, Treasurer

G. Turnbull, Secretary — W. Dimmick, Yell Leader

SCHOOL NOTES

A constitutional amendment covering the granting of W's to our athletes has been adopted, but after much discussion.

At the Board of Control meeting on February 14 an amendment to the Constitution was proposed which read as follows: "The winners of a block 'W' in a San Francisco Sub-League meet shall be awarded a three-inch 'W' enclosed in a circle; if won three times a regulation six-inch 'W' shall be awarded."

At the Student Body meeting of February 21 the amendment was put before the students to vote on, but it failed to carry. A long discussion was started on the question. Finally, a motion was carried to the effect that the Student Body instruct the committee to draw up an amendment by which a distinction would be made between the limited and unlimited classes. There was more discussion on the subject, but nothing further was done.

At the beginning of the meeting a letter from Miss Edwards was read to the students, in acknowledgment of the letter of sympathy sent to her and her sister by the Student Body.

This Student Body meeting had a large attendance, but the best part of it was the interest shown by the boys in the matter of the amendment and the discussion which it raised.

On March 8 the Board of Control met and accepted the work of the Constitution Committee; the amendment proposed reading as follows: "A winner of five points in the 100-lb. or 120-lb. class in the San Francisco Sub-League meet of the A. A. L. shall be awarded a three-inch 'W' enclosed in a circle."

The amendment was carried unanimously by the Student Body at the meeting on March 8. Mr. Knickerbocker, a former pupil of the school, was present, and gave a very interesting talk on his school days, and the benefits he derived from them. His main reason for visiting the school was to arrange for a reunion to be held here by former attendants.

At noon, March 31, a rally was held in the basement. The members of the different teams spoke to the students. Then followed a discussion over the question of whether the members of the '13 Class should be allowed to wear the English "W" which they had ordered. The boys of the '13 Class asserted that the "W's" were not blocks and that, as they had been ordered, they should be

allowed to wear them. Opposing statements showed that permission had been granted them on condition that the script "W's" be used, whereas the ones ordered were English "W's." The rally ended with the matter unsettled.

The Board of Control instructed the Constitution Committee to draw up an amendment forbidding the wearing of any emblems or "W's" of any kind, on sweaters, sweater-coats, or other garments, by any student, unless they had been granted according to the requirements of the Constitution.

A reunion of all who have ever attended Wilmerding was held at the school on March 31, and was attended by a large number. Merchant, Trowbridge and Keys presided. The orchestra opened the meeting with a selection which received much applause, an encore being necessary. Merchant then announced the reason for the reunion.

Following this were speeches made by Belton, '05; Bare, '06; Keys, '06; Lang, '06; Hilliard, '06; Moore '08; Cliff, '09; Baumbaugh, '08; and Vitt, '08; each telling of his experiences at school and of his class and the activity he was interested in. Coach Hennesey made a characteristic speech.

Mr. Biggs, former freehand teacher at the school, told of the time when he was here. Mr. Wood spoke on the "Boys of to-day and yesterday," telling of the school at the time of the earthquake and comparing it with the school of to-day. Miss Edwards gave an interesting talk on the old Red Letter days and on the subject of the reunion, hoping it would become a permanent affair.

A committee was appointed to organize an association for all the boys of Wilmerding who have attended the school but have not graduated.

Some time ago the school had a prominent visitor in a member of the Stanford faculty who is connected with the department of education. Reverend Dr. Osborne and Mrs. Osborne, who came from South India, visited here, gathering information on trade schools, with the idea of introducing the trade class of work in their orphanage.

On the 28th of April the '11 Class gave a dance which proved to be a success both socially and financially.

We hear, with regret, of the death of Al. Knickerbocker. He was one who always took an active part in student activities while at the school and, even after being away for five years, his interest had not slackened as he was one of the founders of the new Wilmerding association for non-graduates.

Although few now at school knew him personally, all had heard of him and feel that in his death they have lost a true friend and the school a loyal supporter.

BOARD OF CONTROL

E. Carnduff
T. Malott
C. Mau

G. Hynes
F. Munk
G. Turnbull
E. Boldemann

N. Vodden
G. Wendering
S. Smith

'12 Class History

Elmer J. Nichols.

Who, that has ever experienced it, can forget those first days when we were being initiated into the Wilmerding way of doing things? Oh, those awful Seniors who looked scornfully down on us from their heights of superior learning, and contemptuously remarked, "What a looking bunch of scrubs!" Oh, how we longed for revenge and how we resolved to take it out on the unlucky class who should be "scrubs" when we became Seniors! And who is there who would not like to forget those first days' examinations, when we were so muddled we could not figure out how much two cows cost at $23.13 each? Then there were the awful times when those Sophomores played jokes on us, such as sending some one of us for a wheelbarrow load of cross joints for the brick shop, or to the electrical shop for a dozen ohms. But all bad things must come to an end and at last we got our bearings and learned to mind our own business and obey the teachers only.

We organized our class and elected officers to serve six months. We knew that "There is strength in union" and we looked forward to a successful future and, now looking back, we consider that we have been in a large measure successful, all things taken into account.

Our class was one of the largest which ever entered the school, but we

were no exception to the rule and our class, like so many others, has dwindled down to about twenty-five. We have veritably been sifted until only the best and most earnest students are left, of the large number which entered.

We have been a loyal bunch all through our time here, and although we have not done much socially, as a class, yet we have aided and backed every social function given by the school. We gave one class dance, which was a success both socially and financially, and we were well backed by the rest of the school. Since then, however, we have preferred to throw our efforts into those functions given by the school as a whole, than to give another by ourselves.

We are justly proud of our record in athletics for if there is any place where we shine it is on the athletic field of battle. Three successive times have the wearers of the '12 carried off the honors, in the interclass meets, and each time our team shows up better than the time before. With a team containing such able athletes as "Scotchy" Turnbull, "Red" Gibbs, Dimmick and Kluver we are looking forward to more and greater victories.

Our basketball record is also 1000 per cent. as we have won the interclass basketball tournament both seasons since its commencement. We have lost two of our best players, Uhte and Topke, but we still have an excellent team. Massed and Gibbs played on the school team this season and Hilderbrandt was a substitute.

Baseball is our "dark horse," and the other classes usually get our "goat" on the diamond. However, we have two men on the school team.

Our class has always been active in Student Body affairs and many of our number have held or are now holding responsible positions. We also have men in every other branch of school activities,—Lang in the orchestra, and Dimmick in the glee club, both working earnestly for the advancement of their respective activities.

Then, also, we are proud of our boys who are not in the forefront of school life, but who do their duty by their studies and in the shops, and who earnestly endeavor to fit themselves for a useful life. We cannot all be officers, else where would the army be?

'13 Class History

Norman Grenelle.

When the '13 Class came together in 1909, there were about seventy-five students. Many of these have left and now we have only thirty-five members. Chamberlain was elected president and Hader secretary in our freshman year.

The second year finds Farley president, Vodden vice-president and Norton secretary and treasurer. Our representatives in the Board of Control are Carnduff and Vodden. We have Jensen, Abrahams, Stone and Norton in the Camera Club; the latter is also the vice-president of this club. Erbe and Ben Newman are members of the orchestra.

Our '13 Class boys also try to help win the field days for the school, Angus, Vodden, Carnduff, Sahlein, Stone, Burroughs and K. Newman taking part. Our class baseball team, under the leadership of its captain, Roberts, is having good practice. They think they have a good chance to win the interclass baseball series this year. Burroughs, Cohn, Rudolph and Johnson are in the school baseball team.

'14 CLASS HISTORY.

The '14 Class is now finishing its first year's work in the school and is looking forward to the time when the Class of 1915 enters and they, too, shall have someone to look down upon.

The '14 Class have always made a good showing in the interclass events and have managed to get a number of their members on the school teams: Walter McAdoo and Harold Smith won their Block W's in the A. A. L. cross-country run, in which the Wilmerding team took second place. McAdoo was the first of our men to finish, while Smith also ran a good race.

In the San Francisco Sub-League Meet four from the '14 Class were to run under the school colors, these being Campbell, Gerard, Hardy and F. Smith. However, the latter two were disqualified for being over weight, and the only one to distinguish himself was Gerard, who placed in the broad jump.

In the interclass field day, held at the Presidio, the '14 Class took second place, F. Smith and Hardy being the largest point winners. F. Smith, Campbell and Hardy won their block numerals at this meet.

In the baseball interclass that has just opened, '14 has made a good start by defeating the Seniors.

R. H. Wilson, President W. J. Meacham, Secretary

The Camera Club

Robert H. Wilson.

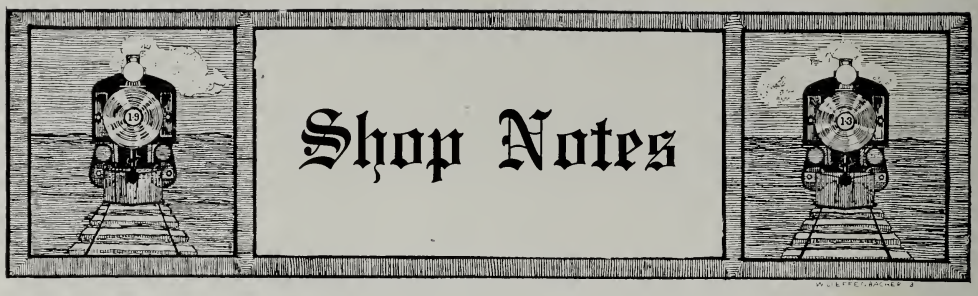
An unusually large number of the fellows at school take an active interest in photography. As a result the Camera Club has a membership now which is probably bigger than at any other time. The dark room is seldom seen without one or more of the members working away on some of his pet pictures. Many join the club in order to get out of the "You push the button, we do the rest" class and to learn how to do the rest for themselves. By asking questions and watching the others they soon are able to do their own work in as good shape as they have been having it done for them.

A competition has been arranged with the Lick Camera Club and every one of the members is out to make a good showing and if possible to win the first prize. It has been arranged in two divisions, one for portraits, the other for pictures of any kind. This will be an opportunity for the fellows to try their hand at portraiture which to many has seemed to be too far advanced for them to experiment with.

An outing was held in the early part of May at which many fine pictures were secured. It is the intention of the club to have many more of these walks as the members find them to be excellent times in which to try various arrangments in their pictures and can receive the suggestions of the other members.

Plans are being made for the rebuilding of the enlarging camera to make it like those used by most of the professionals, by which enlargements of any size can be made. Other improvements are continually going on in the dark room aiming to make it fully equipped with all modern appliances.

Altogether the club is forging ahead as rapidly as possible, keeping to its position as one of the most popular and interesting of the student activities.



ARCHITECTURAL.

In the architectural drawing department, the boys are progressing as fast as usual. All of the Seniors are working on Class A or Class C office buildings. The twelve-story Class A designed by Brauer is to be of brick and terra cotta. The ten-story Class A drawn by Hansen is to be of brick, granite and terra cotta. Malott designed his twelve-story building to be of concrete and brick, while Strothoff intends his ten-story building to be of brick and copper. Pierce and Munk are also starting to work on Class A office buildings. Rademacher and Weber are drawing four-story Class C buildings, while Bach and Stegeman are completing five-story Class C office buildings.

Hynes and Lassell are finishing shades and shadows, and will soon start on perspective drawing. Goldman and Wilson have finished shades and shadows and are now working on perspective.

The Juniors are working on either suburban residences or on original flats or cottages. Those drawing suburban residences are Boyle, Hammerstrom, Hansell, Hildebrandt, Holmes, Maritzen and Stephen.

The boys of the Eleven and Twelve Classes are completing the course in History of Architecture, under Miss Edwards.

BRICK SHOP.

In the brick shop, there is quite a large enrollment this term, and all the boys are doing well . Caldwell, Jensson and Joseph are showing some class in laying bricks on the front wall of the new building. Since the carpenters finished with the woodwork, the bricklaying has progressed quite lively and Mr. Werson is pleased with the work the boys are doing. By the time this issue of the LIFE comes out, the bricklayers will have the brickwork ready for the window frames to be set on the third story.

CABINET SHOP.

The boys in the cabinet shop are a busy bunch. Wendering is making a fine extension dining table, out of oak, for his own use. Hennings is making a mahogany bedroom set, for himself. Zecher is making an oak roller top desk. Dimmick is working on some chairs. Isenbruck is making large picture frames for a local theater. Rigney is making a bookcase and Hart is putting doors on cabinets for use in the University of California. The Freshmen are making tabourets and other small articles of furniture.

WILMERDING LIFE

CARPENTER SHOP.

In the carpenter shop the boys are doing some practical work. Gibbs has made some window screens, Rankin has finished a tool chest and Turnbull has shown his ability on a record case.

Most of the other boys are working in the new building, putting up the roof truss on the east wing. This work is being done under the supervision of Mr. Grant with Gibbs as an assistant.

The Freshmen have finished making newel posts and blacking boxes, and are working on the new building or on other odd jobs.

ELECTRICAL SHOP.

The electrical shop is a busy department. Flood, Kluver and Feeny have finished wiring the science laboratory in Lick. Bender has just about finished the electric indicator to be installed in Redwood City, to measure the height of water in the reservoir. Von Ahn and Gladding are rewiring a burnt out armature for the Lick plant. Stoll is building three one-twelfth horse-power generators. Reichhold and Sublette are making a switch cabinet for the physics lecture room in Lick. A new automatic bell-ringer will be installed in the near future. A set of storage batteries will be installed to furnish current for the period bells at Lick and Wilmerding. Bender is designing an electric motor car and a train of three cars. Von Ahn is designing a complete miniature elevator system. Most of the boys in the thirteen class are doing bell wiring exercises.

This department also set up some electrical decorations, that were used in the reunion held in this school March 31st.

PLUMBING SHOP.

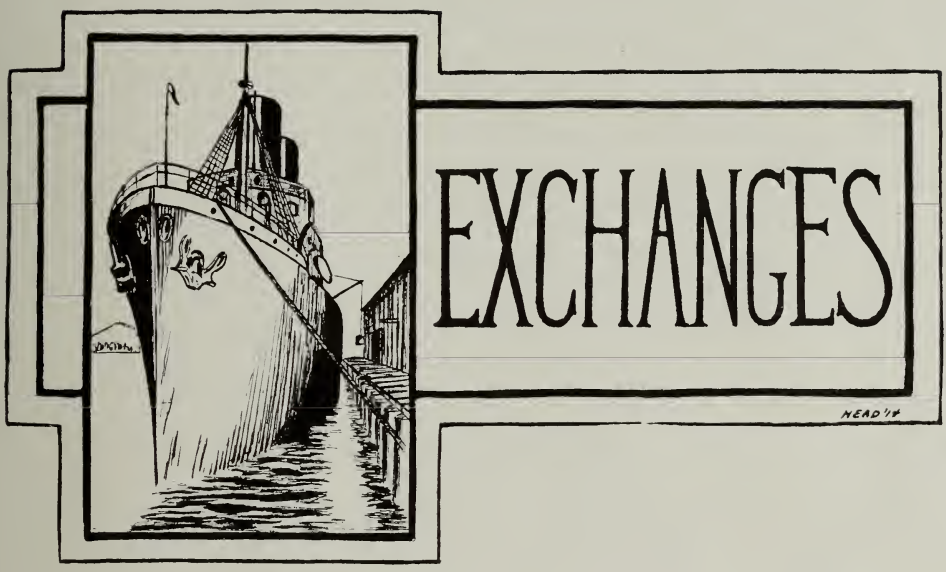
Work is in progress at the Lick girls' recreation grounds. A shower room is being fitted up, with a hot water gas heating system, hot plates for culinary purposes, and water is being piped to the basketball and tennis courts.

The boys are still working on the shavings exhaust for Lick, and on work for the new Wilmerding building. The present class of boys entered for the electrical course are doing the sheet metal exercises in the plumbing shop and have advanced further with the developments of metal work than has any previous class.

The new cornice brake recently purchased fills a long-felt need. Soon the boys will begin forming the iron cornice for the east end of the new building.

The advanced students are reviewing sanitation theory and notes on plumbing and some are estimating. In this department thirty-three boys are at work during the day.

THE ORCHESTRA.


EXCHANGES
HEAD '14

WILMERDING LIFE

The Aegis, Oakland High School (January).—We do not approve of putting your table of contents on the back of the cover. "The Eastham Case" is a story full of interest and invention, characters are very well described, especially the shrewdness of Mr. Holmes. Your cuts are all good and artistically executed. You are an excellent paper.

Blue and White, Sacred Heart College (January).—"San Francisco's Floating Fire Engines" sounds as if the data were taken from some printed matter, but it is very instructive as is also "A Trip Through the Tannery." (February.) In this issue you forgot your table of contents. "San Francisco and the Fleet" is another of those instructive articles, characteristic of *Blue and White.* Why not help all your exchanges out, by criticism? Every issue seems to contain criticism on four or five numbers only.

The Cogswell, C. P. C. (March).—Your editorial contains some much needed advice and encouragement for the bashful student. "A Man's Worth" is a good story; the moral is well ilustrated. The only criticism we can find is that you have used a little too many exchange jokes.

The Dart, Ashtabula High School (February).—The first criticism on opening your paper is the ads should be kept in the back; also keep all your jokes in that department. "Four February Americans" presents a good idea; it is interesting and instructive. "A Book Review" is cleverly written. Your paper loses its attractiveness through lack of cuts.

The Echo, Santa Rosa High School, Freshman Number.—"The Lost Mine" is the best story, it is well described. More drawings are needed and those used, including the cover design, are poor.

The Echo, Savannah High School (February).—Why not put your ads to the rear, and also keep your stories together? Again we wish to criticize your cuts; the ideas of some are good, but they should be executed with more care, especially the lettering. The stories are always good.

El Gabilan, Salinas High School (March).—There is no date on the cover and we looked in vain for a date elsewhere, but we guessed it was the March number; also the volume and the number are not designated and your cuts are poor. The first paragraph about how few leaders you have in student activity is too true.

The Guard and Tackle, Stockton High School (January).—"Did They Do It?" is a funny story, but it ends rather unexpectedly. The joke about skating and the one about the moon are not original. Exchanges are written in an interesting form.

The Hitchcock Sentinel is a lively little paper; you certainly made a record on publishing your extra. We can't understand the lines below the two pictures in your April 8th edition.

WILMERDING LIFE

The Item, Pasadena High School (February).—Put your ads in the rear. "An Adventure With a Ghost" is weird until the end, where he shoots his big toe off. "Suzy and the Cows" is humorous throughout. The exchange column shows an ideal style for an editor of poetical ability; congratulations are in order. You also have some good jokes.

Madrono, Palto Alto High School (February).—"The Circular Pit of de Taal" is a very interesting and exciting story, the description of the pit and suspense of Barry is notable. "A Merry Christmas" is also worthy of note; though not exciting, it is full of interest. You are an excellent paper. (April.) If you had reduced your cover cut a little more, leaving a larger margin, it would have a better appearance; the cut itself is well done. "Iron Lodge Light" is the most interesting and best written story in your paper. "The Land of the Mists" is a well written poem. We do not like a large margin on one side of the pages with that pin. There are several good ideas in "A Tale of True Love" but it is poorly drawn. The number of exchange jokes is too high.

Olla Podrida, Berkeley High School (March).—"Divers Tales by Divers People" is an interesting and original way of forming your literary department. There are a few jokes we have read before, without the usual abbreviation after them. "A Slam on Life" is good. A title might appear to the jokes on page 41.

The Oracle, O. U. H. S. (February).—Wouldn't your Student Body Report attract enough attention without turning it upside down? Keep your stories under one head; namely, "Literary." You have no page numbers.

The Poly High, L. A. P. H. S. (March).—It gets tiresome reading "An April Fool" because it is too hard to decipher the meaning. Yours is a small paper in size and quantity of material for the number of your students, although your price is very reasonable.

Polytechnic Journal, C. P. S. (March).—All your stories are of the same type, why not add a little variety? Also keep your ads in the back of your paper.

The Review, Lowell High School (January).—Cover design is poorly drawn, but the literary department is good, although "Jerusalem" is below the standard. The jokes ought to be divided more prominently so that you can see the beginnings and endings; it is also well to have some sort of a title, where possible.

The Review, Sacramento High School (January).—"Nerve" is the best story, the character of the lawyer is well described. "A Tragedy" is amusing. Yours is a well arranged and neat paper.

The Spectrum, Jefferson High School (February).—"The Face of an Angel" is extremely exciting and is well worked up. "Jessica's Opal" is also well written and worthy of particular note. Spectrum, you always contain good

stories. You have a lively joke column. (March.) "The Ideal Son" is well got up, but we regret that it pictures too well some of our high school students. "Cupid of the Freckles" is well pictured; it awakens imagination, and Billy and his ways are well portrayed. "Some Plays I Have Met" is not worth the while the author must have spent on it. We were much interested in "A Tale of Mars." Speaking of a baseball team you should say nines not elevens. There is room for improvement in the drawings.

The Scribe, Oakland Polytechnic (March).—The back of the cover is an out-of-way place to put your table of contents. "A Business Venture" is funny and "A Narrow Escape" is well described. The heads on page 16 are very well drawn.

The Tatler, El Paso High School (March).—"A Jolly Good Fellow" is interesting but foolish, and the cover and athletics cuts are poorly drawn. Keep your ads in the back.

The Trident, Santa Cruz High School, Memorial Number.—Your cover is neat and well drawn. "Strange Adventure" is an exciting story but why not have a few more? Your drawings are above the standard but if it were not for a certain artist they might not be so. Why do you personify your exchanges? Basketball Number. This time your cover is poorly drawn. "The Substitute" is exciting and interesting, also well described. "How To Train" contains some good advice to athletes. You show a good spirit in your "Exchanges," but that joke about skating and the one about smelting iron are stale. April Number. "Miss Ann's Burglar" is amusing. "The Poets Show Themselves" belongs in the josh column. "To the Track Team" is not of much account; it is foolish.

The Tocsin, Santa Clara High School.—You forgot your table of contents; and you also have a few stale jokes, otherwise you are all right.

The Tiger, C. S. M. A. (March).—"California" is a good poem; it suits the subject. "The Spanish Maid" is exciting and interesting throughout. The joke about the connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdom is too old. "The Cream Puff" is enjoyable.. The Girls' *Tiger* is a very successful number in all its details, financially and otherwise; they certainly can get the ads.

Athletics

BASEBALL.

As we had no baseball team in the league series of 1910 we had no veterans to depend upon this year. A squad of about fifteen fellows tried out for the team, the manager having secured "Spike" Hennessey to coach them. Practice was held every noontime and after school and the team was rounded into good shape. Manager Goldman, who succeeded Stephen after the latter's resignation, arranged for a number of practice games in which the fellows showed up well.

The sub-league this year was divided into two divisions, Sacred Heart, Commercial and Lowell being in our section.

Tamalpais 26—Wilmerding 2.

Our first practice game was with Tamalpais on February 22, which we lost by the score of 26-2. Flood pitched good ball but the fellows had not yet learned to play together and as a result our numerous errors were fatal to us.

Wilmerding 16—St. Matthews 1.

On Saturday, February 25, we played St. Matthews at Burlingame. The fellows played good ball, allowing only one run on the only error made by our team. The fellows seemed to have their eyes on the ball and batted three pitchers out of the box. When the game was over the score read 16-1 in our favor.

Wilmerding 0—Berkeley 0.

Probably the best game that the fellows played was the game with Berkeley High School. For nine innings the teams fought without an error and Regnier of Wilmerding made the only hit of the game, but failed to score. It was a pitchers' battle between Flood and the Berkeley pitcher. Wendering also pitched a few innings and all the fellows played fine ball. The game was stopped in the ninth inning owing to darkness with no score for either side.

Wilmerding 3—San Rafael 2.

The San Rafael game was also a closely fought game. Up to the fifth inning the score was 1-0 in their favor but the fellows rallied and got two men on the bags. "Jimmy" Flood was next man up to bat and he knocked a two-bagger winning his own game. In the eighth inning each side scored a run and the game ended 3-2 in our favor.

Lowell 5—Wilmerding 4.

Our first league game was with Lowell at the Presidio grounds on March 18, 1911. Flood pitched good ball throughout the game, except for the fifth inning, when he lost control and four of the Lowell men scored. In the ninth

BASEBALL TEAM.

inning our team rallied but could not overcome the lead obtained by the Lowell payers and the game ended with the score 5-4 in Lowell's favor.

The teams lined up as follows:

Wilmerding—Flood, pitcher; Borroughs, catcher; Hynes, first base; Rudolph, second base; Hildebrandt, shortstop; Cohen, third base; Regnier, left field; Stegeman, center field; Wendering, right field.

Lowell—Street, pitcher; E. Smith, catcher; Hockstadter, first base; Robertson, second base; Montgomery, shortstop; Hicks, third base; Roemer, left field; Gillespi, center field; R. Smith, right field.

Wilmerding 24—Commercial 4.

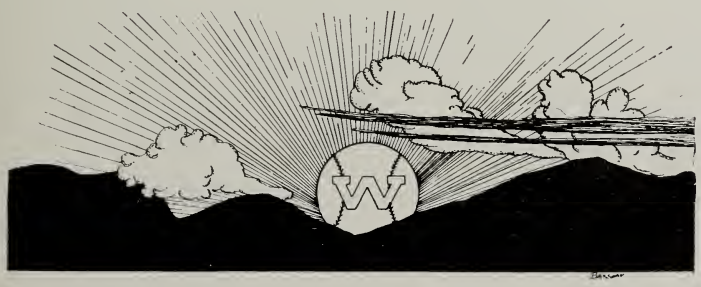
The second game proved easy picking for our team and most of the fellows fattened their batting averages, scoring fourteen hits. Flood pitched good ball, only allowing five hits, and the fellows gave him good support.

Sacred Heart 16—Wilmerding 6.

We played the last league game with Sacred Heart at the Presidio grounds on Friday, April 7, 1911. Sacred Heart made only one more hit than we did, but our fellows made fifteen errors which cost us the game. Flood, as usual, pitched good ball, striking out ten men. Sacred Heart won our division of the league. The teams lined up as follows:

Wilmerding—Flood, pitcher; Borroughs, catcher; Hynes, first base; Rudolph, second base; Cohen, third base; Hildebrandt, shortstop; Regnier, left field; Wendering and Smith, center field; Stegeman, right field.

Sacred Heart—Donahue, pitcher; O'Shaugnessy, catcher; Bennison, first base; Dougherty, second base; Riordan, third base; Benn, shortstop; Heilman, left field; Burns, center field; Gilhuly, right field.



CROSS COUNTRY TEAM.

WILMERDING LIFE

TRACK.

The track season opened with the cross country race on Saturday, March 4, 1911. The course as arranged by the officials was from the Golden Gate Park Stadium to the beach, along the beach to the South Drive and up the South Drive back to the Stadium. The course was about five miles long.

Flood, Massed and Munk, veterans of the 1909 team. did not run and the team consisted wholly of new men. Carnduff was elected captain and the team trained on the school track and on the roads. The fellows that composed the team were Angus, Carnduff, Dimmick, McAdoo and Smith.

Cohn of Fremont won the race in about twenty-seven minutes. McAdoo of Wilmerding proved a dark horse, finishing seventh, while Carnduff was just behind, taking eighth place. Angus came in twelfth, Dimmick fourteenth and Smith was in eighteenth place. Fremont won the race with a total score of 172 points, Wilmerding was second with 133 points, and Mission was third.

S. F. Sub-League Field Day.

The San Francisco Sub-League meet was held on Saturday afternoon, March 25, 1911. It was an ideal day for a track meet and a large crowd attended. Many records were broken, some of which were broken by our fellows.

Lick won the meet for the third successive time with a total score of 80 points. Mission was second with 60 points, Cogswell third with 35 points and Wilmerding was fourth with 31 points. We did not do as well as we had figured as some of the fellows did not come up to expectations. Captain Malott won the low hurdles in the fast time of 27 2-5 seconds, taking the record. Turnbull was one of the stars in the 120-lb. class, breaking his previous records in the 440-yard dash and the high jump. He did the quarter in 57 2-5 seconds and cleared the high jump bar at five feet.

The most exciting race of the day was between Woerner of Lick and Dimmick in the mile, Woerner winning the race by a few yards. Carnduff took second in the pole vault and fourth in the half mile. Borroughs placed third in the pole vault, Kluver third in the high jump and Gerard took third in the 100-lb. class broad jump.

The 120-lb. relay team took third place in their class. Jimmy Flood, who won the 880-yd. run last year did not compete owing to sickness.

B. C. A. L. Field Day.

The Bay Counties Athletic League field day was held on Saturday afternoon, April 1, 1911, on the U. C. oval. Oakland High won the meet, Lick was

TRACK TEAM.

second and Berkeley was third. We had only a few men entered in the meet and therefore much was not expected of them. "Ted" Malott was the only Wilmerding man to score. Although laid up for a week before the meet with a bum leg he won the 50-yd. dash in 5 3-5 seconds and the 220 low hurdles in 27 3-5 seconds and was one of the stars of the meet. Gibbs took second place in the discus throw, but this was a new event and no points were allowed.

Interclass Field Day.

The interclass field day was held on the Presidio Athletic grounds on Saturday morning, March 17, 1911. All the teams had men entered except the Seniors. The time in the races was not up to the standard, but many of the races were interesting. The Juniors won the meet with 66 points to their credit; the Freshmen were second with 26 points, and the Sophomores had to be content with third place, scoring only 12 points.

The results:

100-lb. Class.

50-yard dash—Smith, '14, won; Hardy, '14, second; Campbell, '14, third. Time, 7 seconds.

220-yard dash—Campbell, '14, won; Gerard, '14, second; Smith, '14, third. Time, 30 seconds.

120-Pound Class.

75-yard dash—Turnbull, '12, won; Hansell, '12, second; Stone, '13, third. Time, 9 2-5 seconds.

440-yard dash—Turnbull, '12, won; Hansell, '12, second; Stone, '13, third. Time, 62 seconds.

Unlimited Class.

100-yard dash—Stone, '13, won; Kuhn, '13, second; Abrahamson, '13, third. Time, 11 seconds.

220-yard dash—Kluver, '12, won; Sangster, '12, second; Kuhn, '13, third. Time, 25 seconds.

440-yard dash—Sangster, '12, won; Kluver, '12, second; Gibbs, '12, third. Time, 58 seconds.

880-yard run—Newman, '12, won; Massed, '12, second; Watts, '13, third. Time, 2 minutes 28 seconds.

120-yard low hurdles—Gibbs, '12, won; Massed, '12, second; Chase, '13, third. Time, 16 seconds.

Broad jump (100-lb. class)—Hardy, '14, won; Smith, '14, second; Campbell, '14, third. Distance, 14 feet 9 inches.

High jump (120-lb. class)—Turnbull, '12, won; Hansell, '12, second; no third. Height, 4 feet 8 inches.

High jump (unlimited)—Kluver, '12, won; Dimmick, '12, second; Kuhn, '13, third. Height, 5 feet 3 inches.

Shot put (unlimited class)—Gibbs, '12, won; Dimmick, '12, second; Massed, '12, third. Distance 40 feet 3 inches.

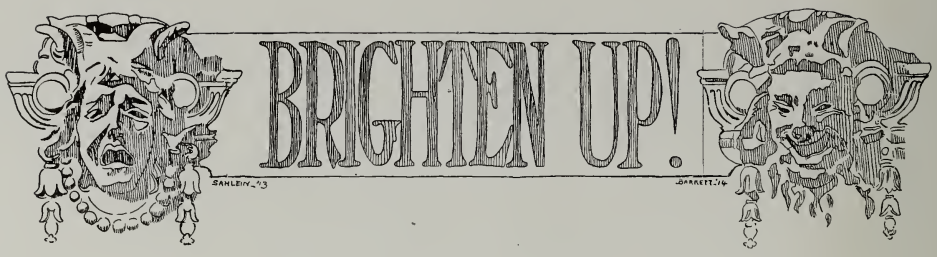
Since June, 1910, several records have been broken by Wilmerding men; they are as follows:

880-yard run—John Flood. Time, 2 minutes 15 seconds. Sept. 21, 1910.

220-yard low hurdles—T. Malott. Time, 27 2-5 seconds. March 25, 1911.

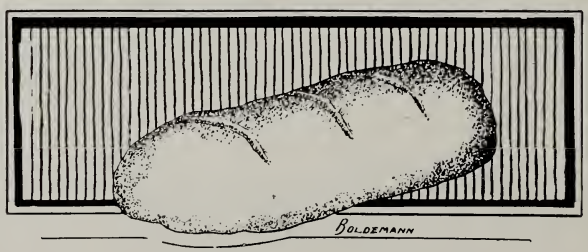
50-yard dash—T. Malott. Time, 5 3-5 seconds. April 1, 1911.

BASKET-BALL TEAM.



WHERE UNDER THE SUN—

Was Brauer made a "Duke"?
Did Hansen get that smile?
Did Peabody get that G. H. S. pin?
Did Dimmick get that hair-cut?
Was Holmes last Sunday night?
Did Munk learn to queen?
Is Berkeley (ask "Pop" Wendering)?
Did Meyer get that shade of hair?
Did Rudolph get those feet?
Did Goldman learn to play ball?
Does Stephen get all those ads?
Did Wilson get the name of "Bug"?
Did Sahlein get the idea he could sing?
Did Lloyd get that walk?
Did the '13 Class get those emblems?
Did Lang catch the measles?
Does Higgins go every lunch hour?



ANOTHER PICTURE OF
THE STAFF OF THE LIFE

WILMERDING LIFE

Tramp—Madam, help me recover my child.
Woman—Heavens! is he lost?
Tramp—No, his clothes are worn out.

Miss Bell (explaining color harmony)—We all have to use our judgment of harmony in our clothing.
F. Smith—What kind of tie should I wear with a white shirt?
Voice (in rear of room)—Something to match those freckles.

Have you seen Al?
Al who?
Alcohol. Kerosene him about an hour ago and he hasn't benzine since. Gasolined against a fence and took a naph-tha.

Lang from now on will be known as the "measly kid."

'TIS BETTER TO BE A HAS-BEEN THAN A NEVER WAS

"LOOK WHO'S COMING"

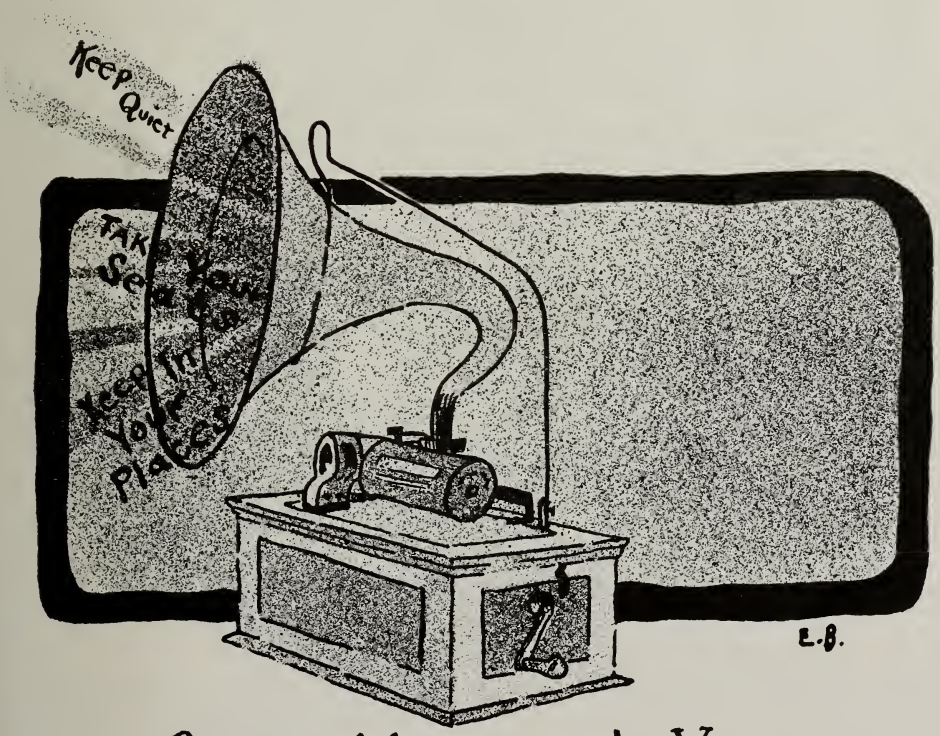
WILMERDING LIFE

ELECTRIC SPARKS.

Scene—Electric Shop.
1:20—16 boys in shop.
1:30—Mr. D. in office, looks around and no one in note-room.
1:31—Mr. D. walks into note-room and stands at door.
1:31 1-100—Boys, books and homework flying through air.
1:31½—16 boys in note-room.

Kluver is rapidly gaining notoriety as a lecturer. The other day Mr. Dodge found him delivering from a soap box in the Electrical Shop a highly educational and interesting speech on the merits of the Sacramento ball team. Who got the laugh, the team or the speaker?

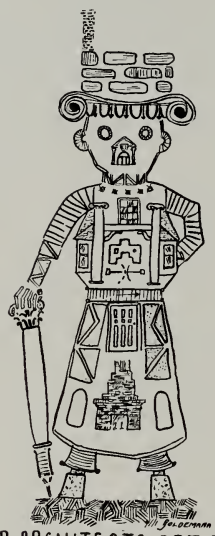
"I don't see why I was canned from —— room, I never done anything."
"That's the reason; you never did."



OUR MASTER'S VOICE

11 CLASS DANCE PROGRAM COMES TO LIFE.

The *Dollar Princess* met *King Dodo* in *the Garden of Roses.* The *Sugar Moon* shone down on the *Grizzly Bear,* showing *Every Little Movement.* He said, *"Kiss me, Cuddle up a little closer."* She said, *"Stop, stop, stop."* When it came time to part he said, "As you are *The Ideal of My Dreams, Meet me tonight in Dreamland."*



IF OUR ARCHITECTS SET THE FASHION

Sophomore (talking about dog shows)—Yes, I know a fellow that has a Newfoundland dog, that was thought to be of no account, but when he brushed up, he took first place in the S. F. show and is now to be entered in the Bay Counties.

Scrub (who had caught only the last of it)—What race is he going to run?

A JOKE ON THE BRICKLAYERS.

The fellows on the building sent Honig down to Lick foundry for a wheelbarrow full of cross-joints. Barney was busy "pouring," so Honig watched him. He was gone two periods. While he was gone the others were chipping bricks. Who was the joke on, Honig or those who sent him?

It was on a Sutter-street car and the car had been delayed for quite a while. The passengers soon heard the conductor say angrily, "You'll have to take your clothes off; you can't ride on this car." Everybody craned their necks to get a glimpse of the rear platform on which the conductor was standing. What they saw was the conductor helping a Chinaman off the car with a large basket of clothes.

Stone (eating a French whale in Joe's)—Miss Bell, is this the vanishing point? (indicating pointed end of sandwich).

Miss Bell—No, the sandwich is at the point of vanishing.

White Brothers
HARDWOODS
Largest Stock and Best Assortment in the West
FIFTH and BRANNAN STREETS -- -- SAN FRANCISCO

A SOPHOMORE'S OPINION.

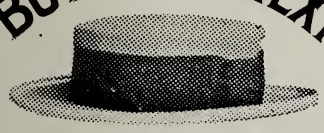
Studious	Jolly	Sweet	Fresh
Energetic	Upright	Obliging	Rough
Noble	Nervy	Polite	Empty
Intelligent	Industrious	Honest	Sour
O.—K.	Orderly	Open-minded	Hopeless
Reserved	Rustling	Merry	Miserable
		Obedient	Annoying
		Respectful	Nuisance
		Earnest	

Hidebrandt, while watching the Lick baseball team practice, noticed the impression of their spikes in the ground. He exclaimed, "Gee, fellows, get me a gun quick, I'm tracking tigers."

Lloyd—Pete, you are up against hard luck.

Maritzen—How so?

Lloyd—Miss Wilson says that peat is the first form of coal and your hands are commencing to be black already.

BUY YOUR NEXT

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MEUSSDORFFER
824 MARKET ST.

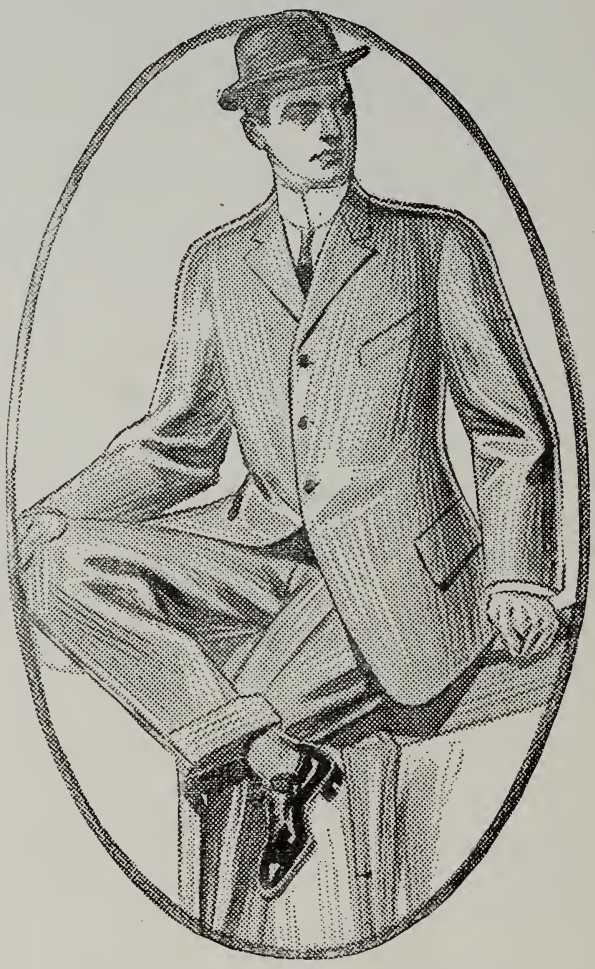
Established 1849

The Name **Meussdorffer** is to Hats what Sterling is to Silver—

A Guarantee of Quality

We have covered the heads of three generations—

LET'S COVER YOURS



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BECAUSE we are the only exclusive dressers of Young Men in the City. **BECAUSE** you can't duplicate our clothes in character of **Style, Fit** or **Quality. BECAUSE** here you can get a suit at $12.50 that is $12.50 in value; and up to $30.00. If you want to look right, you better see one of our **New Box-Back Coats.** A suit specialized to college fellows at $20.00, $25.00 without vest; made in the latest of tailorish woolens. See us.

From the College Department

The Juvenile

Style Originators to College Fellows

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HEADWEAR

PETE PAPAGELIS

Fruit, Groceries
Ice Cream, Candies
Sandwiches

SEVENTEENTH AND UTAH STREETS

G. E. Prunk's Select Academy of Dancing

Classes Every
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M 1678
Res. - - - West 8212
S 4471

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Lowest Prices

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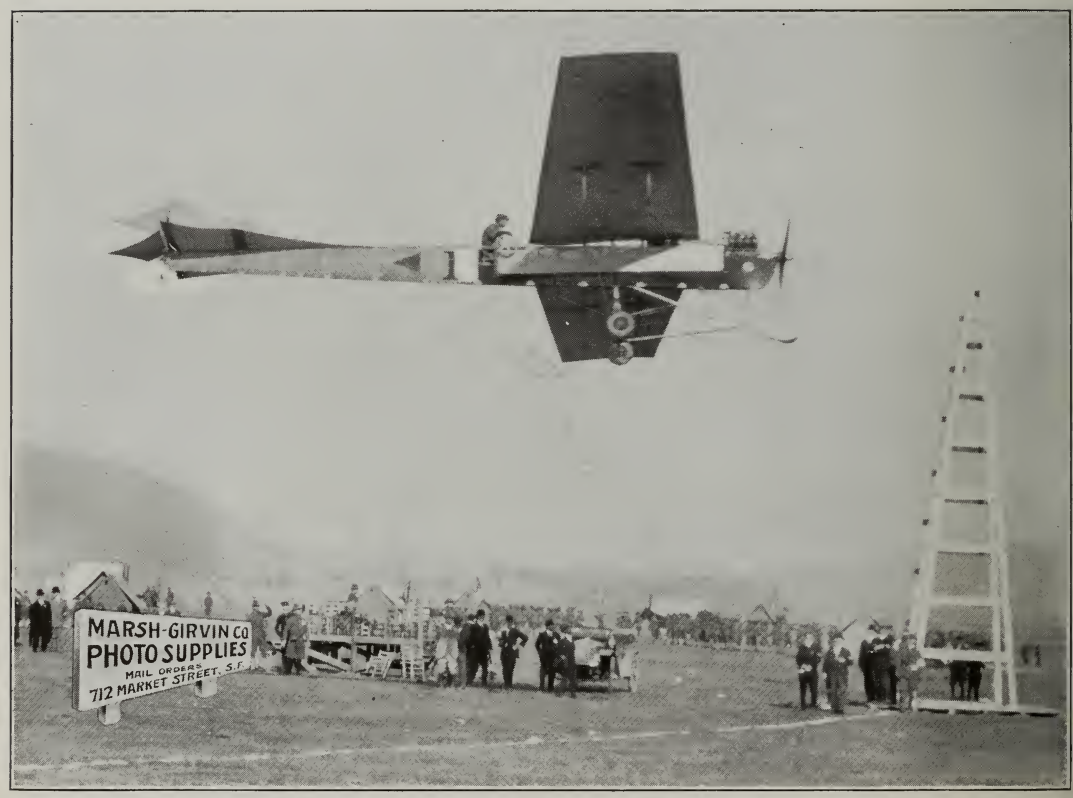

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BOYS' DIVISION

Y. M. C. A.

Golden Gate Avenue and Leavenworth Street

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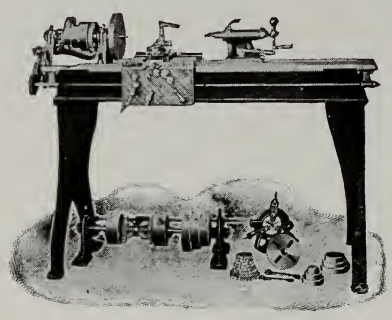

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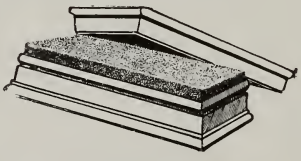

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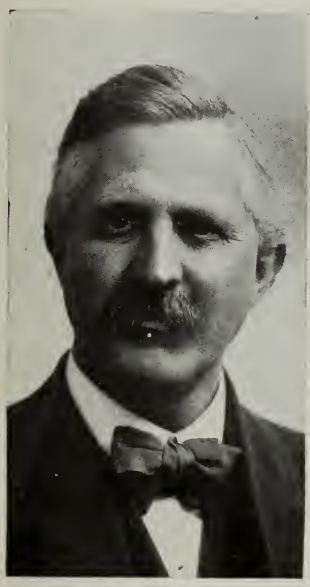

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